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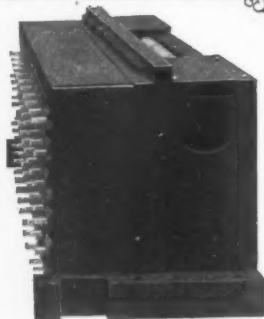
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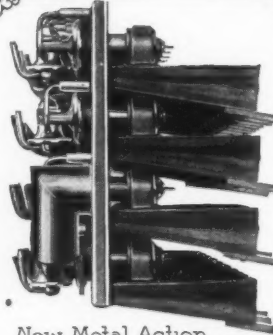
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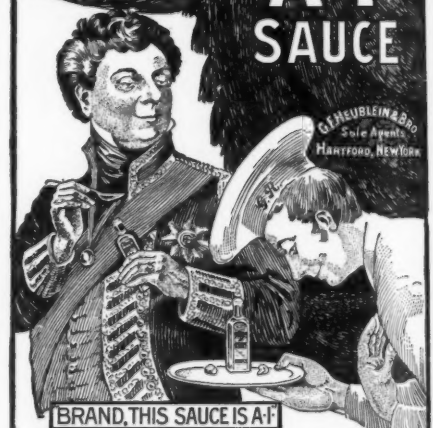
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is not influenced by the jar of the car—speed alone moves it. It doesn't bob around, the way other indicators do, until you are not certain whether it says 5 miles or 15. Let us tell you more about this wonderful instrument—how it's made with sapphire jewels like a watch, yet is so strongly built that it takes an axe or a bad collision to break it or render it inaccurate, and how we use magnetism (in the only practical way), which makes the **Auto-Meter** as reliable as a mariner's compass forever. When you write we'll send you also a trouble-saving 50 cent book, **Auto Pointers**—invaluable to a man who drives his own car.

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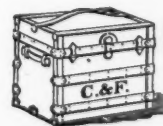
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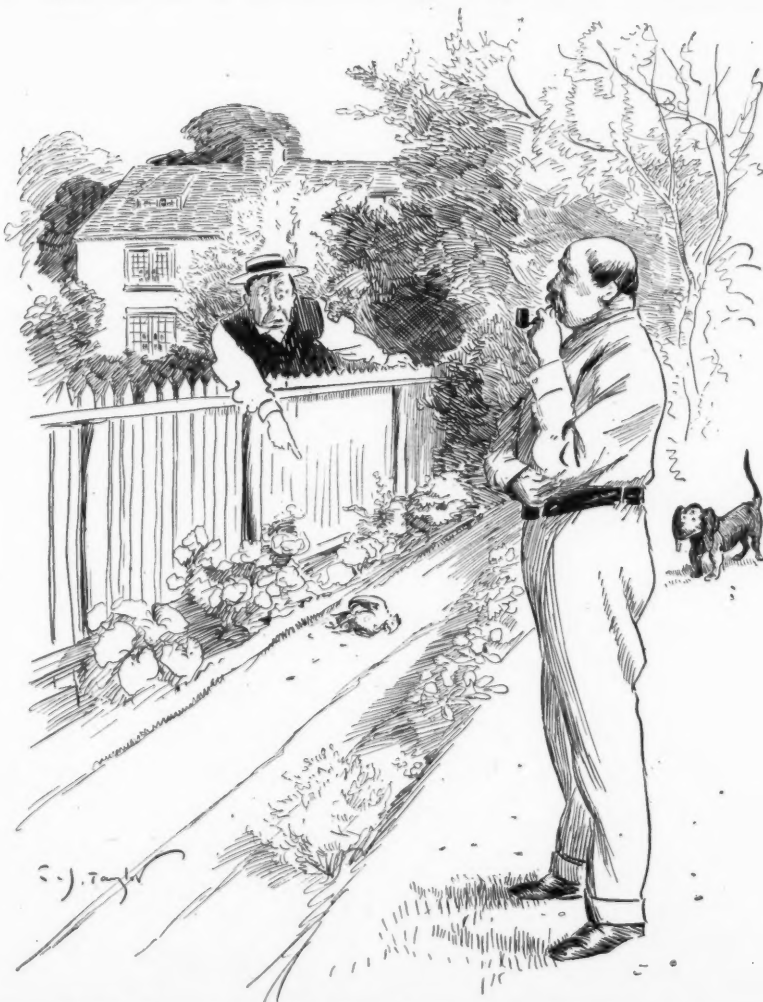
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The Cracker that has "Brownsville" on it

Have your grocer get them for you.

If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, express prepaid, or two pounds for 50 cents, express prepaid.

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Sparkling
Toast
to the
June
Bride



Here's joyousness and health, caught at Nature's font, and held imprisoned for your delectation in

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Spring Water

the pure, sparkling table water that holds the World's Highest Awards for purity and goodness.

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The booklet, "It's What's Inside," sent free.

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will be more attractive than ever this season. The New York Central Lines Four-Track Series No. 10, "The St. Lawrence River from the Thousand Islands to the Saguenay," contains the finest map ever made of this region. Copy will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, Room 45 G, Grand Central Station, New York.

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LIFE

Love's Tramway

LOVE is a rapid transit line—
Much like the modern trolley—
Gold-bonded, and, in short, a fine
Investment for your Folly.

Its cars are crowded, wet or fair;
Men, maids and widows hurry
To get aboard and pay their share
Of dividends in Worry.

From Sweetheart Square the line goes
down

To Nuptial Park (suburban),
Connecting thence to Haremtown
For wearers of the turban.

A branch extends to Quarrelville,
To serve the Heavy Spenders;
And cars to Alimony Hill
Go loaded to the fenders.

Crowds get aboard at Rival Row,
But no one gives his seat up,
And those who sit no interest show
Except to draw their feet up.

At Fickle Street there's quite a stir—
Some take a new direction,
Obtaining there a free transfer
To Avenue Rejection.

For those with hearts already caged,
The common public scorning,
The special parlor car "Engaged"
Is run till early morning.

Dan Cupid is the motorman,
And the conductor Hymen
Shouts in a voice stentorian,
"Step lively, please!" to shy men.

The power plant is at the Mint,
And when the current ceases
It's most amazing how that hint
The patronage decreases.

When there's an accident, it starts
The lawyers on their mettle,
With claims for fractured hopes and hearts,
And some one has to settle.



OFF FOR THE SUMMER

No threat of bankruptcy assails
A road financed as this is—
Men pay their fares in fairy-tales
And maids pay theirs in kisses.

For womenfolk, however, there
Are two quite separate classes;
The lovely maids alone pay fare—
The others ride on passes.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

In Washington

"WHAT is this?" we ask of the
Washington man, when our
progress is halted by a long parade of
men, who bear banners and badges
inscribed, "S. T. W. B. C. L. T."

"This?" he asks, smiling, "Oh,
this is one of our largest fraternal
orders."

"And what is it?"

"The Society of Those Who Have
Been Called Liars by Teddy."

An Appetizing Girl

SHE'S awfully sweet.
Her cheeks are like peaches.
She has cherry lips.
Her breath is nectar.
Her hair is like yellow corn.
Her eyes are like blackberries.
She is perfectly delicious in French
dressing.

Her complexion is a delicate cream.
I love to toast her.

She's a honey.

I sometimes feel as though I would like
to press her to a jelly.

But if I did, would she be cordial?

Beyond the Pale

"BUT," says the visitor to the old
friend, whom she has not seen
for ten years, "you will pardon my
seeming presumption, yet I think I
could suggest several ways in which
your house could be more economi-
cally managed."

"Economy?" says the hostess, with
some hauteur. "Pardon me, but our
position in society is such that we cannot
afford to save money."

THERE are men who will fight for
their prejudices even when they have
not the courage of their convictions.



JUNE





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. JUNE 14, 1906. No. 1233.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK



IT IS a particularly interesting world that the

young men who are graduating from the colleges this year are about to enter. A good many of them who will study professions have three or four years of studenthood before them still, but with all of them commencement day is a point of departure and the beginning of a new relation to society. It is many years since graduating classes have stepped out into a world so agitated by the signs and impulses of change as these classes of 1906. The baccalaureate preachers have a better than the usual opportunity to give them wise counsel because, though the venerable injunction, Be Virtuous if you would be Happy, is not more true than usual, impressive illustrations of its truth abound this June a good deal more than is common. The new graduates in this country have struck a time of great commercial prosperity, but a time also of much searching of the spirit and widespread impatience with that sort of misconduct which has its motive in cupidity. Very soon they will be diffused in the mass of their fellows, and happily so, but for the moment they form a group, thirty or forty thousand strong, of more or less educated youths who are about to be men. They should count themselves fortunate in that, of all the several groups the size of theirs that could be assembled in the country from the youths of their age, their own is, on the whole, the one that may be expected to be least tempted to those forms of misconduct that are based on cupidity.

It has been pointed out, and with a good deal of truth, that the man who spends three or four impressionable years between nineteen and twenty-two in a college decreases, if he does not absolutely forfeit, his chances of becoming grossly rich. Unless he is moulded to money-making while he is still plastic, his energies can hardly be centred on

that quest with the exclusiveness that is necessary to the highest success in it. Part of the time he will think of something else than business and getting ahead of the other fellow, and some chances of fiscal profit will be sure to escape his diverted mind.



THAT being so, young brethren, count it as gain. To make a living is so important that most of you will do well to devote the chief part of your energies for the next ten years in learning how to do it, and a large part of your energies for two or three decades after that in putting into practice what you have learned. And a good living, as a rule, is much more satisfactory than a poor one; there is no doubt about that; though men will often, and wisely, choose a small income earned by work they like, in preference to a bigger one earned less agreeably. So get a good living if you can (unless you are quite sure that there is something else that you prefer to it) but get it honestly and lawfully, and try hard to fit yourselves to give honest value in goods or service in return. And remember that though it is indeed important to make a living and, if convenient, a good one, that is not, after all, the object of life but only one of its incidents.



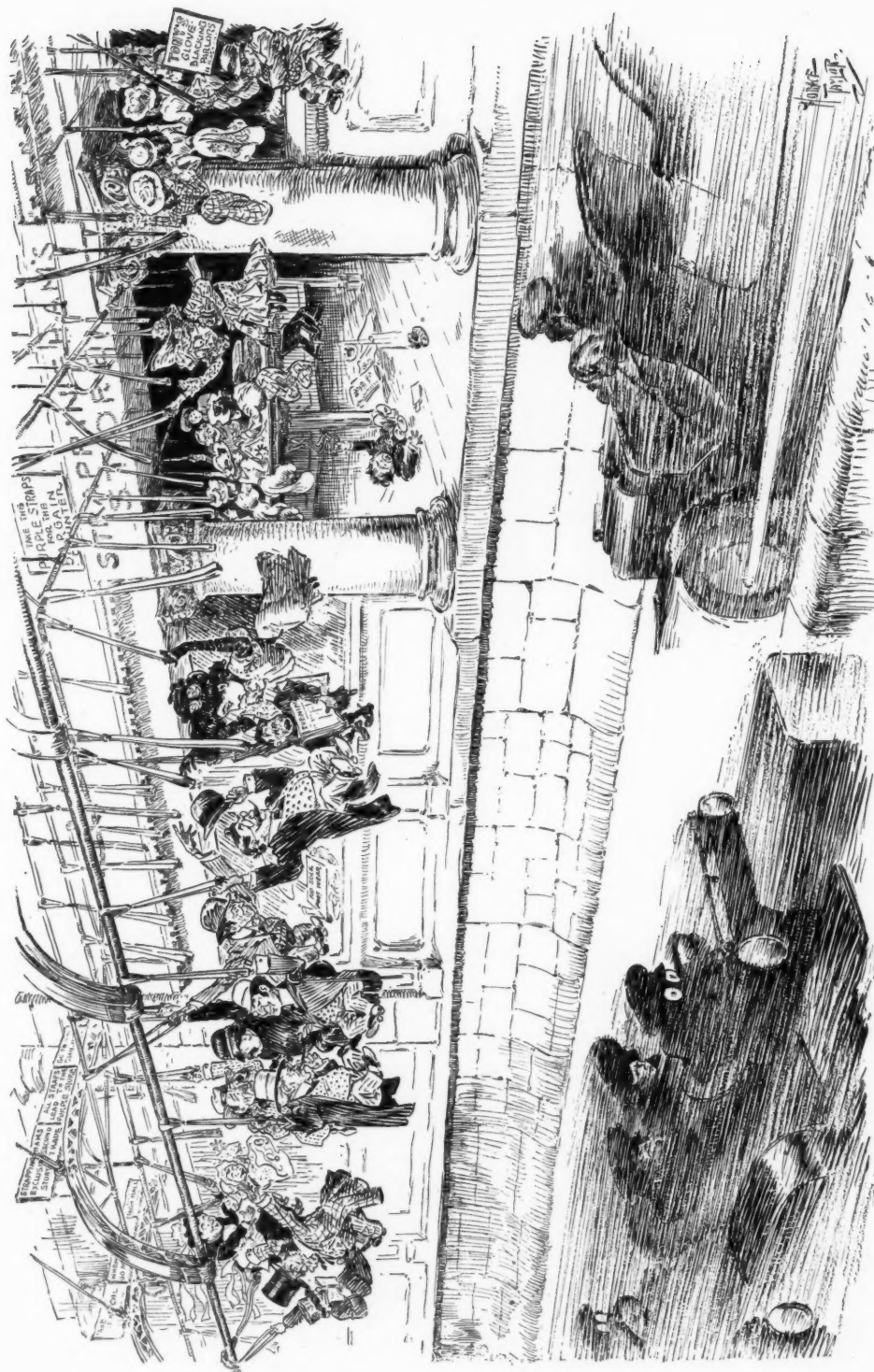
THERE is, as has been said, a considerable tumult going on in this world that is waiting for you, the whole cause of which is that too many persons have attached too much importance to getting money. Much too many persons have tried to get all the money they possibly could, without enough regard to whether or not they gave value in return, without enough regard to whether they broke the law or not, and without enough regard to what ruin or distress they brought upon any one else. Partly as a result of that sort of effort, carried on on an enormous scale in times of great prosperity, there have come to pass in this country a great collection of enormous fortunes, and a serious and widespread demoralization of the standards of busi-

ness honor and integrity. In the last twelvemonth one disgusting exposure of infatuated cupidity has followed another, winding up within a month with the revelation of the nasty methods of the great meat packers, and the disclosure that the Pennsylvania Railroad, having trained its young men for years past to secret violations of the anti-rebate law, has reaped the natural consequence of that sort of education by developing a large body of servants who have cheated not only in the service of the road, but for their own personal profit. The result of all these exposures and revelations has been to bring the great fortunes of the country and those who possess them into something more nearly like contempt than has been felt for large masses of money within our memory, and to stimulate effort to check the rapacity of some of the money getters, compel them to respect the law and constrain them to yield service in some degree proportionate to their gains.



TAKE thought early, therefore, young brethren, to make yourselves honestly worth your salt in this agitating world, and to be content with what you can honestly acquire. There is no use of telling you not to bother your heads about money, because you will have to bother your heads about it unless some one has saved you that labor by laying up some money for you to use. But it makes a lot of difference how you get the money you get, and if you don't benefit both yourselves and society in the getting of it, you will miss most of the value of that exercise.

The consumption of the luxuries of life, from polo-ponies up to automobiles, houses and yachts, is exceedingly conspicuous in these days. Do not be demoted with the mania of owning things of that sort, or think that you cannot have due fun without possessing them. They come in handy sometimes, and are good enough to have if one can afford them, but the important satisfactions of life consist not in the abundance of such things, but mostly in various forms of service. That may sound to you like cant, but it is true, and you will find it so.



WHY A SPEED-LIMIT FOR AUTOS?

WITH OUR STRAP TRAINING WE CAN ABOLISH SIDEWALKS AND GIVE THEM THE WHOLE STREET

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged	\$325 45
The Senior Mission Band, and The Willing Workers' Mis- sion Band, of Saugerties, N. Y.	50 25
Additional from the same.....	2 00
Accrued Interest.....	10 57
E. Bogert.....	10 00
In Memory of Cora Forney.....	2 50
Part proceeds of Fair given by Lillian Palmer, Jeannette Blake, Helen Porter, Dorothy Sherman and Gladys C. Fries at the Clover Club.....	130 00
"F. D.".....	25 00
Total.....	\$555 77

Wise Girl

NOW, there was a certain girl, and she had three wooers. The first wooer said she was the whole world to him, but she frowned upon his suit. The second wooer said she was the sun, moon and stars to him, but she bade him be on his way.

"To me," said the third, "you are a young woman of agreeable manners, with eyes that might be a little bluer, with a nose that is a wee bit puggy, and with a few freckles, and an annoying habit of blurting out your thoughts."

She married the third wooer. Being pressed for an explanation of her conduct, she said:

"My goodness! I think I was sensible. I married the only one that had courage enough to tell me of my faults before marriage, instead of waiting to throw them up to me afterward."

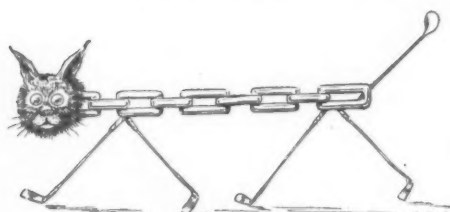
Time!

THE chronological divisions of a human life, with Cupid as a factor, may be set down as follows:

From Birth to Marriageable Age	20 years
Courtship.....	1 month
Proposal.....	1 minute
Preparation of Trousseau.....	6 months
Wedding.....	6 minutes

Time to Think It Over... { Rest of Your
Natural Life

Total..... Three Score and Ten



A GOLF LYNN



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

SPECTATORS

Mr. Mead and President Roosevelt

BOSTON, MASS.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—In an editorial in your last number, you group me with sundry people who you think would like to see President Roosevelt "go way back and sit down." I confess I do not like the grouping. I applaud and admire President Roosevelt for vastly more things than I criticize him, and in many respects count him the most efficient, salutary force that we have had in our public life for very long. His "big stick" and "big navy" and "military virtues" furor me. I should like to see the American people order "away back" very speedily and sharply, and I think they will; it is melancholy and humiliating enough to hear this sort of talk at the forefront of this republic at the very time that the new English Liberal Government is seeking to place England at the head of a League of Peace to put an end to the hoary old war system of nations. But when we see President Roosevelt's resolute battles with the railroad power and the Standard Oil Company and the Beef Trust and all manner of lawlessness and corruption and iniquity in high places, who can help praying that instead of going "away back" he may go away ahead?

May 26, 1906

Edwin D. Mead.

Evolution

EMPLOYER: Yes, I want a man for chauffeur who is strictly honest.

APPLICANT: Yer won't after you've paid a few fins.

How to Know Them

THE Soda Water Man—By his phiz.
The Temperance Man—By his no's.
The Conceited Man—By his I's.
The Surveyor—By his feet.
The Captain of Industry—By his hands.
The Military Man—By his arms.
The Stovepipe Man—By his elbows.
The Rubber Man—By his neck.
The Miserly Man—By his chest.
The Tourist—By his trunk.
The Dairy Man—By his calves.
The Iron Man—By his nails.

Easy

"DID you sell horses to those two customers yesterday?" we ask of our friend the horse dealer.

"Yes."

"Make anything?"

"Off of Jones—yes."

"Jones? Why, Jones was the one that said he knew all about horses."

"I know. He was easy. The other fellow didn't know a thing about them and brought around three or four experts before he would buy."

The March of Progress



THE human race, with toil and pain
And pride, accomplishes a lot—
But—will some gifted sage explain
Exactly what?

We do, undoubtedly, progress—
'Tis marvellous, one can't deny—
Still—is it possible to guess
Whither? Or why?

We learn new tricks from day to day;
Of course, the theory is correct
That we improve—but who shall say
In what respect?

We were, no doubt, a sight to grieve
The gods; no doubt we're nicer now—
But—can the gods themselves perceive
Precisely how?

F. Dana.

Power

CHAPPY: I tell you when I read about some of Edison's wonderful inventions, it makes me think a little.

MISS CUTLERY: Yes, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?



"I NEVER COULD MARRY THAT KIND OF A MAN!"
SAID MISS SUE OF A FELLOW NAMED SID—
SO OF COURSE THE GODS HEARD HER AND LAUGHED WHEN THEY SAW
'T WAS EXACTLY THE KIND THAT SHE DID!

Power

DR. EMIL REICH says the last man that came to America was Christopher Columbus, meaning by this to accuse our men of being such slaves of their womenfolks that they are, to all intents and purposes, *personæ non*, and it is difficult to escape the uncomfortable feeling that he may be right. We are distinctly conscious, now the doctor mentions it, of being considerably trodden under foot, and the more we think of it the more we marvel at it.

What is the secret of this tremendous power of the American woman?

Some say it's her stunning dresses, but it can't be that. Only the other day the new prophet of Zion gave it out, straight, that Dowie's downfall was due to his wearing a Mother Hubbard. If the virtue we are speaking of were in the livery, would this be so?

More likely it's because of her knowing so much. It is a significant fact that the American woman's head is already so large that our artists have to go abroad for their models, and the end is not yet.

Worth While

MIRANDA: I don't care if he does own an auto and a steam yacht, I won't marry him! Why, he's a regular flat.

MRS. MATCHMAKER: Yes, dear, but flats with all the modern improvements are very desirable.



WHY THEY MARRIED

BILLY MARGIN, A BROKER, DID WED YSOBEL;
HER SHAPE COUNTED MOST IN HIS EYES.
NOW HER FIGURE'S NO MORE, AND BILLY IS SORE.
FOR HE FINDS HE HAD BOUGHT FOR A RISE!



THE TWO LAMBS

Their favorite psalm

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT" WAS THE TEXT OF A SERMON RECENTLY PREACHED BY APACHE CHIEF GERONIMO.

Government

FORMERLY the business of confining the plain people to their proper political function of paying the taxes was managed by means of a standing army, but as men became more enlightened, and easier to fool, it was at length possible to resort to the cheaper device of constitutional government.

Constitutional government cleverly defeats the will of the people by the people's own authority. It is called so because its chief instrument is a constitution, or covenant, which the people are induced to bind themselves by when they are in a transcendental mood and don't know whether they are afoot or on horseback, and which is couched in such terms as to preclude its amendment to the disadvantage of the existing order.

Sometimes it is deemed expedient to have an elective legislature, to flatter an ancient prejudice against taxation without representation, a judiciary for small thieves, and an executive to watch over the national honor, but these things are not essential.

Under constitutional government nations have attained to a commercial prosperity hitherto unknown, and if that doesn't raise its superiority beyond question, what will?

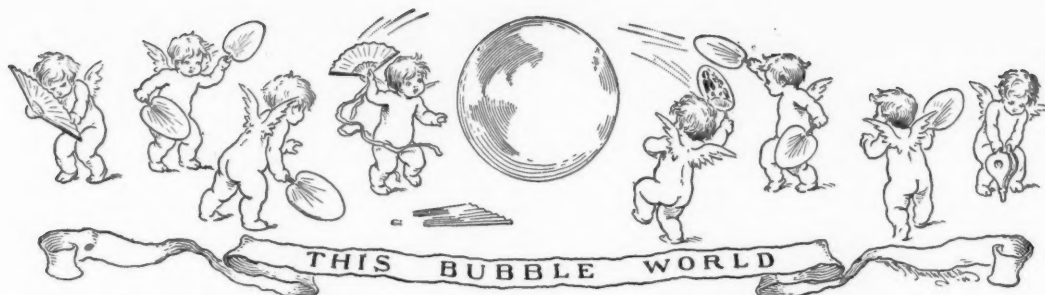
Too Soon

"I AM thirty-five years old," announced a woman of fifty-six at a tea last week.

"And I am twenty-six," said the woman of forty-five. Then turning to a girl of seventeen who stood near-by, she asked: "How old are you, Ethel?"

"Oh," replied Ethel, "according to present reckoning, I'm not born yet."

FAILURE implies effort; that is why some men never fail.



ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE HAYS has a scheme to improve the human race by the careful selection of people for parents of the children of the future.—*Houston Post*.

It's too bad the Assistant Secretary didn't get busy a century or so earlier.

A Belgian doctor is prescribing hot air as a cure for many infirmities.—*Mexican Herald*.

In America it is used largely in connection with the organs of speech.

Nicholas will grant his people educational facilities.—*Chicago News*.

His is a case where education, like charity, should begin at home.



Verily, there's no rest anywhere for the wicked.—*Boston Herald*.
Ever been to Philadelphia?

The Morocco pirates are kidnapping Americans.—*Denver Republican*.
Most Americans are too accustomed to tariffs and trusts to mind a little thing like a Moroccan pirate.

Dowie still believes in the laying on of hands.—*Chicago Enterprise*.
Especially in the matter of his converts' property.

The man with the hose can now take a vacation.—*Washington Star*.
How about the ladies similarly equipped?

Josiah Brouderly alleged that he could take the hint when he was kicked down stairs.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Would that a certain United States Senator were equally sensitive.

As a feat in frugality, Castro's success in saving \$30,000,000 in six years on a salary of \$12,000 must excite the admiration and bewilderment of even Russell Sage.—*Chicago News*.

Or of a New York police captain.

The *New York Herald* has a sermon every Sunday morning as an editorial.—*Indianapolis News*.

Which doesn't atone for its Sunday column of "personals."

New York is thrilled by the fact that, at last, justice has been meted out to a ruffianly elevated railway guard who had maltreated a passenger.—*Mexican Herald*.

Full justice isn't possible on account of the constitutional prohibition of cruel and unusual punishments.

Secretary Taft has reduced his waist line to fifty inches and his weight to 250 pounds.—*Houston Post*.

Before long the genial Secretary may be a figure in a "before and after" corset advertisement.

"The golden age is at hand," says Newell Dwight Hillis.—*Denver Republican*.
The golden age arrived when Bryan was beaten.

Free alcohol for use in the arts is no new thing.—*Louisville Times*.

It goes back to the days of Noah and of Messrs. Bacchus, Silenus & Co., wholesale and retail dealers in nose-paint.

It is publicly announced that Canada "wants women."—*Lowell Citizen*.
Grand opportunity for the superfluous mother-in-law.

It'll be a long time before the Panama Canal can float anything more than rumors.—*Louisville Times*.

And bonds.

One thing can be said for the insurance companies under the old extravagant management. They gave away good blotters.—*Sommerville Journal*.

They were pretty good es-cutcheon-blotters themselves.

A St. Louis doctor declares all nurses should be pretty, saying it is a great thing for a sick man to have a bright, pretty girl put her soft, white hands upon his brow.—*St. Joseph News*.

If that isn't a direct encouragement to hypochondria, there never was one.

"Reliable" bombs have been reduced in price in Russia from five rubles to forty kopeks.—*Boston Transcript*.

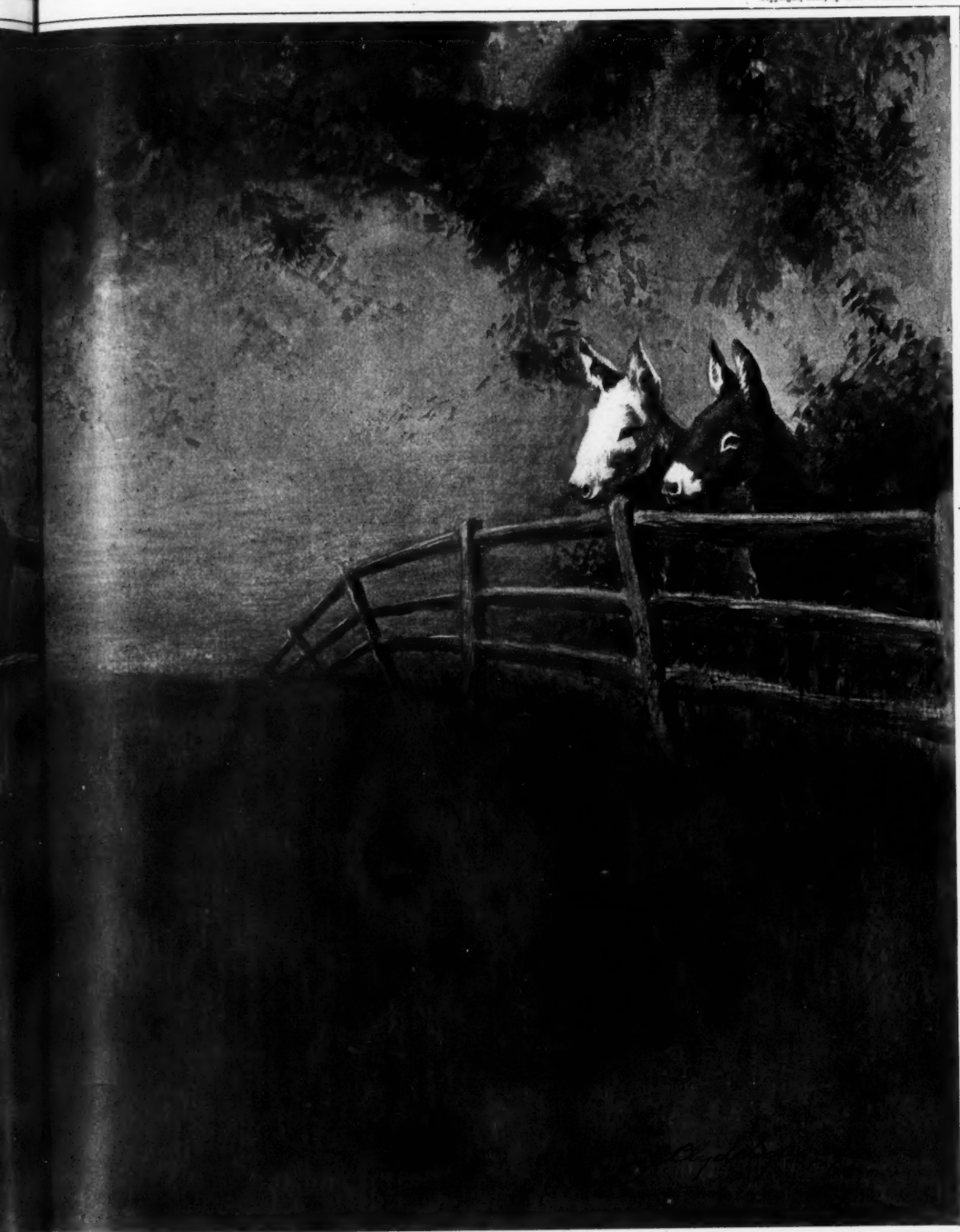
If they get much cheaper, we may occasionally find one in Chicago sausage.



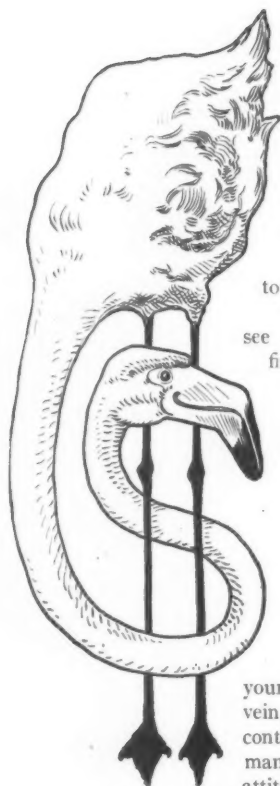
LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST

Hot





A Valuable Tip



MR. JAMES BULGER, multimillionaire and head of the financial world, sat in his inner office. Mr. William Colby, his private secretary, sat just outside in the reception-room. The door opened softly and Mr. Creighton Cushton, the well-known newspaper man, entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Cushton. Glad you came in."

The private secretary motioned toward the closed door.

"Mr. Bulger will be more than glad to see you, sir. Those articles of yours were fine—fine, sir—much appreciated."

Mr. Cushton sat down, puffing a cigar.

"He liked them, did he?" he asked, carelessly.

"Immensely. They are just what was needed to counteract the terrible, malicious cartoons and scandalous things that have been appearing about him. Why, sir, any one would think, to read what some of the papers print, that Mr. Bulger was a fiend incarnate—had robbed his country and all his friends and ought to be in jail. But

your articles, sir, written in a calm, equable vein, have showed that Mr. Bulger, on the contrary, is a quiet, unassuming, godlike man, kind to his neighbors, devout in his attitude, and, in fact, the best type of a

Christian gentleman. Splendid! You got just the right touch to them. I'll tell Mr. Bulger you are here!"

The private secretary knocked at the door leading to the private office. He entered, and returned.

"Mr. Bulger will be delighted to see you. Has just concluded your very finished story in Munther's magazine, and is in fine humor."

"That's good."

Mr. Cushton entered Mr. Bulger's private office. That gentleman's sharp, ferret-like eyes looked him through and through. His clean, ascetic face broke into a hearty smile.

"Ah, Mr. Cushton, I'm glad to see you. Sit down."

"Thank you, sir."

"You've succeeded admirably, sir. Those stories of yours about me have been splendid. All my friends have spoken of them. Just what was needed to counterbalance those scandalous attacks. Why, sir, I see that even the ministers have been influenced by all these false reports and cartoons. Here's a story saying they have even refused to accept a little gift I made to a mission. Scandalous, isn't it? But I feel sure, sir, that your articles showing me in my home life—as I really am—will do great good. And they don't gush—that's the best of it. They are just right. Now, Mr. Cushton, to business. You've done me a good service, and I want to repay you. Your time is valuable, sir. What—er—would you suggest?"

Mr. Cushton looked out of the window meditatively. He was wondering how much Mr. Bulger could stand. A million would have been nothing to that astute gentleman. On the other hand, Cushton would have been glad at any time to have sold a series of articles such as he had written for fifty dollars apiece—indeed, this was about what he had received.

"I don't know, sir," he replied. "Suppose I leave it to you?"

Mr. Bulger with his private check book in front of him, his pen poised in his hand, paused for a moment as his keen eyes scrutinized Mr. Cushton.

"About how much," he said at last, as if echoing that person's thoughts, "did you receive for these articles from the publishers direct?"

Mr. Cushton smiled. He had already made up his mind that he ought to have made his bargain beforehand. He was dealing with a past master in the art of finance.

"The value of the articles to the periodicals themselves, sir," he replied, "are as nothing compared with their value to you. Suppose we say a couple of thousand?"

The pen—more mighty than any sword—more potent, even, than government itself—was softly dipped in the ink. Apparently there was no hesitation.

"Ah! very well."

Mr. Cushton smiled. It was really as much as he had a right to expect. Besides his suspense was over.

The great man wrote.

"By the way, Mr. Cushton, allow me to compliment you again. You are evidently widely known. Your influence



"WELL—I SUPPOSE IT'S LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND"



"I TOLD YOU NOT TO TAKE HIGH FENCES. YOU'LL JUST RUIN THAT HORSE!"

among journalists and other influential men is apparently very great. That's one reason why your articles helped so. Do you ever buy stocks?"

"Occasionally."

"I became"—still writing—"somewhat interested in Burlap Common the other day. At 50 I regard it as a bargain. I should say it was good for 75. But, of course, you won't mention it. Don't say that I told you."

"Oh, certainly not."

"There! Mr. Cushton, I'm only too glad to present you with this little check. And I shall always remember you with the kindest feeling. Drop in and see me any time."

Mr. Cushton rose, crumpled the little paper in his waistcoat pocket and held out his hand.

"Good afternoon, sir, and thank you ever so much."

"Don't mention it. Always glad to see you."

Five minutes later Mr. Cushton stood reflectively on the great stone steps that led from Mr. Bulger's office.

"So the old man," he said to himself, "has condescended to give me a tip. He's made me a present of a couple of thousand as a slight token of his esteem and admiration. And now I suppose the proper thing to do is to put up that two thousand and grab all the Burlap Common I can lay my handson."

He walked over to a broker's office. Burlap Common was 50½—50¼—50½—50½—50½—50½—50½—50½—51.

It was one week later. In Mr. Bulger's office the private

secretary sat writing. The door opened, and once more Mr. Cushton entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Cushton."

"Good morning, sir. Is Mr. Bulger in?"

"Yes, sir. He expects you."

The private secretary was gone but a moment.

"Walk right in, Mr. Cushton."

Mr. Cushton entered. This time, more cordial than ever, the great man came forward and shook him by the hand. There was a tone of sympathy in his voice.

"Mr. Cushton, I'm glad to see you, sir—very glad. I was afraid you might not understand—that you would not come in and permit me to explain—that's why I dropped you a line to come this morning. You see, my friend, how powerless I am, with all my influence, when things move against me. I am afraid after what I said last week you might possibly have been influenced to buy some of that Burlap Common. Now, who would have dreamed, sir, that it would have dropped to 25? You didn't buy any of it, did you?"

Mr. Bulger's voice betrayed the keenest anxiety. All the sympathy, the kindness that Mr. Cushton had dilated upon so ably in his articles were there.

Mr. Cushton smiled and shook his head.

"No, sir," he replied. "You see, I sized up the situation like this: When I was engaged in writing those articles I had a chance to investigate you—to study you as you really are. You thought \$2,000 was a good deal to pay for them, didn't you? You wanted to get rid of Burlap Common at the best price you could get. Now, sir, you and I both know that when you give a man a tip all you have to do is to make him swear he'll never mention it, and he'll tell every one he knows. You thought the fact that I knew about it would help matters. But, my dear Mr. Bulger, I knew you. And I didn't buy Burlap Common—not on your life."

Mr. Bulger's keen eyes glistened.

"Young man," he said, "I congratulate you. You still have that \$2,000."

It was Mr. Cushton's turn to smile.

"Yes, sir, and a good deal more. I sold Burlap Common short at 51."

A Shot at the Enemy

WE HAVE received a leaflet by Louis Faugeres Bishop, M.D., entitled: "A Physician's Impressions of Osteopathy."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the impressions are unfavorable. The millenium will be near when a man shall praise the methods by which bread is being snatched from his mouth. Dr. Bishop is undoubtedly sincere in his endeavor to prove the rival school a mischievous contrivance.

As a practical matter, the less that the community attempts to control people's beliefs and theories the better, but it has a right to demand that those who undertake the treatment of disease shall be broadly educated in all matters which it is the common belief of mankind have to do with disease. If this is insisted upon we need have little fear of harm coming from any negative propaganda.

The trouble may be, however, that the "common belief of mankind" is undergoing a change.

"WOULD you call Offenberga conceited man?"

"Conceited? Why, when Offenberga has a headache he thinks its throbs are registered on the seismographs in Japan."

THE LATEST BOOKS



THE boy, reminiscently and humorously considered, has figured so prominently in recent writing that one may say that there has been a "return to boyhood" only second in vogue to the "return to nature." These books, however, have uniformly dealt with the boy looked back upon, and it is with the boy looking forward that Horace A. Vachell deals in his excellent story of Harrow called *The Hill*. The novel will perhaps prove too technically Harrovian for some readers, but apart from this drawback, it is not only an exceptionally good book for boys, but a piece of fiction which any reader who is not hopelessly committed to the "love interest" habit will find good reading.

Helen Reimensneider Martin, who two years ago published a charming story of the Pennsylvania Dutch, called *Tillie, a Menomonic Maid*, has written a new novel of life in Lancaster County. *Sabina, a Story of the Amish* is marked by the same humorous appreciation of character and the same quiet vividness of presentation as the former work, but falls short of its simple picturing of rural life through the employment of an exotic element of telepathy or some such psychic manifestation in the building of the plot. Mrs. Martin assures us of the actuality of these episodes but good facts do not always mix well with good fiction.

It is probably the fascination which envelops the unknown, combined with the vicarious satisfaction derived from indomitable perseverance and heroic daring in others, which makes the records of polar exploration such tempting reading. Certainly this fascination and this satisfaction are felt to the full by H. R. Mill, the author of *The Siege of the South Pole*, and as he is able to transmit them through his words to his readers, his history of Antarctic discovery is a volume of very sustained interest. It is apparently a work of great accuracy, it embraces a vast amount of research and it is furnished with remarkably illuminative maps and with many illustrations.

James Barnes's *Outside the Law*, the story of an amateur engraver and experimenter who discovers upon the sudden death of an assistant that he has been in secret alliance with a gang of counterfeiters and who thereupon loses his head and plunges into yellow-backed adventure, is a novel wholly dependent upon plot for its interest and with plot as its weakest point. All that one asks of such a story is that it keep one too busy to notice its inadequacies, and this Mr. Barnes fails to do.

Theology is to-day the only science wherein the opinion of the specialist carries less weight with the unbiased inquirer than that of a competent outside observer—a condition which, carefully considered, is broadly suggestive. The interest which is at once aroused in us by the announcement of a frank statement of religious position by such a man as Goldwin Smith may, however, be cited in evidence of the fact. The letters which Mr. Smith originally wrote to the *New York Sun*, and which are now collected in a volume called *In Search of Light*, in spite of overmuch repetition due to their occasional origin, constitute an admirably quiet summing up of what a reverent seeker after truth, who is free to look apparent facts in the face and who has the courage to do so, may still believe.

What F. Berkeley Smith has done for one side of Paris in *The Real Latin Quarter*, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd does for another in her apotheosis of frocks and femininity called *In Vanity Fair*. The essence of the volume is the sartorial instead of the artistic tem-

perament. It treats of the personality of Paquin, of the mysteries of the cult of the man-milliner and of the stations on the grand circuit, from Monte Carlo to Trouville, where the chiffons of Monsieur Chose are on exhibition. It is bait for butterflies.

It is not often that so hearty a laugh is crowded into such small space as in Ellis Parker Butler's nonsensical story of *Pigs Is Pigs*, or of what came of a dispute between an irascible customer and an Irish express agent over the carrying charges on a pair of guinea pigs. It is recommended to any one who has ever kept guinea pigs or had trouble with an express company—that is to say, to the American public.

J. B. Kerfoot.

- The Hill*. By Horace A. Vachell. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
Sabina, A Story of the Amish. By Helen Reimensneider Martin. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)
The Siege of the South Pole. By H. R. Mill. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
Outside the Law. By James Barnes. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
In Search of Light. By Goldwin Smith. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.)
In Vanity Fair. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)
Pigs Is Pigs. By Ellis Parker Butler. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

His Proper Sphere

ALKALI IKE: So Tough Tompkins hez jined th' church, hez he? Wot under heaven did th' cantankerous coyote do that fer?

BRONCO BILL: Wal, he said it wuz th' only way nowadays fer to be in a constant fight.



First Beetle: I SEE THEY'VE ARRESTED OLD MR. LIGHTNING BUG, AND THE JUDGE HAS GIVEN HIM A LIFE SENTENCE.

Second Beetle: WHAT'S THE CHARGE?

"WHY, THEY SAY HE'S A FIREBUG."

AN ALPHABET OF BORES

By OLIVER HERFORD



C'S A Critic—(Far be it from me
With a time-honored craft to make free).
All praise I accord
A Good Critic—but Lord!
What a Bore a *Bad* Critic can be!

D IS a Decadent Dreary
Whose Works are depressing and eerie;
If you ask his Excuse
For Existence, or Use,
I fear I can't answer your Query.

A National Dictionary.

CAPITOL—A branch office of the Standard Oil Company, located at Washington.

BEAR—See TEDDY, WALL STREET.

WHITE HOUSE—A celebrated gymnasium at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue. At various times it has been used as a half-way house, a barroom and a stock exchange.

DEMOCRAT—An extinct animal, which formerly wandered over parts of New England, the West and South. Was also extensively seen in the largest cities, where even now specimens are occasionally captured.

SPOILS—See REPUBLICAN PARTY.

UNCLE SAM—A cartoonist's model.

SENATE—A large body of cash, entirely surrounded by grafters.

BABY—Obsolete.

AUTO—A successful device for reducing the population.

MINT—A place where the raw material is made that is used by the trusts.

CONGRESS—A home for incurables, composed of men who haven't been able to earn a living in any other way.

TRUST—A process of extracting lucre from people, sanctioned by the Government.

HOME—A former habitation.

HELL—The same.

GOLF—The only religion practised on week days.

ROCKEFELLER—See TARBELL.

BOSS—See COOK, WIFE.

CARNEGIE—A popular nuisance.

FRIENDS—A society of fanatics, started by Theodore Roosevelt.

DEPEW—An unpopular nuisance.

LAWYER—An obstructionist.

SURGEON—See APPENDIX.

CHRISTIANITY—A notable relic, exhibited every Sunday in the principal churches.

WALDORF—A bric-a-brac shop, for the display of plated, painted and tainted ware.

Not for Them

"SO YOU have a woman police force?" we ask of our friend who lives in an equal suffrage town out West. "How do they get along? They ought to make good detectives."

"There's just the trouble," he says. "We can't get one of them to go on the detective force."

"You can't?"

"No. When it was proposed that some of them join the plain clothes squad they threatened to resign at once."



THE REASON

[Humorists are humorists because they are sad.—*The Sketch.*]

Attribute not to overflowing glee
The sparkling ebullitions of my wit,
Nor, when you smile, think you behold in me
The proof that spirits and expressions fit,
Experience tells
That cap and bells
Show not hilarity, but lack of it.
So, if I set the table in a roar
By dextrously manipulating truth,
Or putting vehicles their steeds before,
Or proving culture more and more uncouth,
Pray recognize
The secret lies
Within a troublesome and hollow tooth.
If joy of living bubbles from my lips,
As if for Care I did not care a pin,
And, were a prize held out for merry quips,
There could not be a question who would win,
Then may you know
The bills I owe,
And have no chance to pay, are dropping in.
And if you scan this unpretending ode,
And find it haply suited to your mind,
Think not the metal on the anvil glowed
As in the forge of wit it was refined;
But seek its cause
In Nature's laws—
And know some other verse has been declined.

—*London Tribune.*

A RECEIPT FOR HIS BRAIN

An Ohio politician enjoys telling of a political discussion he once overheard in a country grocery store.
In some way the argument, quite a heated one, degenerated into a dispute in which one side took the position that the others were crazy to entertain such political tenets as theirs.
At this point a solemn-looking individual, who up to this time had held his peace, suddenly interjected:
"Gents, I want to say that I'm the only sane man here that has the papers to prove it!"
The crowd gazed upon him in astonishment.
"It is true, gents," continued the solemn looking individual, as he drew forth a document from the recesses of his coat, "here's my discharge from the State Insane Asylum!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

CORRECT

"Now, Johnny," asked the teacher, "what do we see in the country besides grass, trees and flowers?"
"Patent medicine signs!" was the prompt reply.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

JUST ONE MORE CHANCE

JUDGE (to prisoner just condemned to death): You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be gratified.

PRISONER (a barber): I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the District Attorney.—*Jugend.*

"WHERE did you learn the Lord's Prayer?" asked an Atchison Sunday-school teacher of a little girl.

"I used to live in Topeka," said the little girl, "and I learned it there."

"Now, let me hear you say it," said the teacher to the next little girl.

"I don't know it," said the next little girl, "I never lived in Topeka!"—*Kansas City Journal.*



MR. CHOLERIC, THE INHUMAN HORSEMAN, WHOSE NEW AUTO HAS BALKED

NOT ENOUGH BAIT

Senator Knox has a good story of the last fight the late Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, made in the Senate. Quay was working hard on the Statehood bill, obstructing legislation, when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the Senate for a time.

Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend who thought the Senator might be in better business than pottering around about new States:

"Fishing never so good. Tarpon biting everywhere. Sport magnificent. Come."

Quay read the telegram and smiled a tiny, little smile. Then he answered it thus:

"Tarpon may be biting, but I am not. M. S. QUAY."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE FALL OF JENKINS

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, in telling of the troubles of a city editor in drilling green reporters, was reminded of an amusing case that came within his own observation.

"There is one thing you must remember above everything else," said the city editor of a St. Louis paper to a new reporter, "and that is: tell in the first few lines what your story is about—in other words, give the substance at once. Then follow with a recital of the facts, and conclude with interviews with the people concerned. That is the only orderly way of writing your story."

The new man gave close attention to this lesson, the result of which was that he handed in that night a news item reading as follows:

"Rufus Jenkins, a carpenter, slipped and fell in Vine Street yesterday and sprained his ankle badly."

"Mr. Jenkins was walking along Vine Street when suddenly his feet slipped from under him and he fell, spraining one of his ankles."

"When seen by a reporter he said: 'I was walking along Vine Street, when in some way my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the sidewalk, spraining one of my ankles.'"

"Mr. Frank Fuller said: 'I was walking behind Mr. Jenkins on Vine Street when I saw him slip and fall to the sidewalk. When I assisted him to rise he told me that he had sprained one of his ankles.'"

"Dr. Thomas Rich, who attended Mr. Jenkins, said: 'Mr. Jenkins has a badly sprained ankle, due to a fall in Vine Street. He will be laid up for some time.'"

"Mr. Jenkins could not attend last night's meeting of the Carpenters' Union. The president, in convening the meeting, expressed regret that Mr. Jenkins could not attend, as he had slipped and fallen in Vine Street, spraining one of his ankles."—*Harper's Weekly.*

LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE

It was visiting day at the kindergarten and the young teacher was proud of her little pupils as they went through their drills and exercises and beamed with pleasure at the appreciation shown by the visitors, who applauded generously. Then came the lesson and the teacher announced the subject.

"Children," she said, "to-day we are going to learn about the cat, and I want you to tell me what you know about it. Tommy, how many legs has the cat?"

"Four," replied Tommy, proudly conscious of rectitude.

"Yes, and, Daisy, what else has the cat?"

"Claws an' tail," murmured Daisy, shyly.

Various other portions of feline anatomy were ascertained and finally the instructress turned to one of the latest acquisitions of the kindergarten and said, sweetly:

"Now, Mary, can you tell me whether the cat has fur or feathers?"

With scorn and contempt, mingled with a vast surprise, Mary said:

"Gee, teacher, ain't you never seen a cat?"

And the lesson came to an abrupt end.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

A LADY met a neighbor who had been ill several weeks and asked, "How are you feeling now, Mrs. Lowenstein?" The pale-faced invalid replied: "I've had \$250 worth of gripe!"—*Christian Register.*

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¶ Then it is subjected to proper aging.

¶ Try it and note how you feel.



COMMERCE AND LITERATURE

"Do you think that a commercial career is to be compared to a literary career?" asked the high-browed and melancholy youth.

"My boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "in business you can write your name on a piece of paper no bigger than a postal card and make it worth thousands of dollars. In literature you can write up reams of paper without making it worth 50 cents."—*Washington Star*.

"MARIA, we'll have to give up that summer trip. My account at the bank is already overdrawn." "Oh, John, you are such a wretched financier! Why didn't you put your account in a bank that had plenty of money?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

VERY RED TAPE

A few months ago the President appointed a committee to make a thorough investigation of the business methods of each of the several departments at Washington, with a view to ridding them of some of the red tape ways of doing things.

Secretary Bonaparte, on being interviewed by this committee, told the following story, which beautifully illustrates the free use of red tape in the Government service:

"One of the naval officers on a certain ship desired to change a thermometer from one side of the vessel to the other, assigning very good reasons for doing so. This could not be done, according to naval regulations, however, until he had carried the matter to the ship's commander, and through him to me. I readily consented to the proposed change, which cost just fifty-three cents—fifty for the postage and stationery and three for the nail and the wear and tear on the hammer."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

HAD NOT REACHED THE LIMIT

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago, bound on exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner.

"Howdy?" remarked the Southerner languidly.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them thet likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yit," he said.—*Reader Magazine*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

IT WAS HIS JOB

One day last winter Representative Cushman, of the State of Washington, was entertaining a constituent at luncheon. A man passed whom Mr. Cushman seized by the arm and presented to his friend.

"This is the man," said Cushman, confidentially, "who has written more stupidities than any other living person."

The man from Washington was so taken back by the remark, which appeared to him to be the height of impoliteness, that he sat in open-mouthed silence. The man introduced, however, took the observation good-naturedly, smiling broadly.

"Perhaps I should add," continued Cushman, "that this gentleman is one of the official stenographers of the House."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

NO WONDER HE WEPT

Addressing a political gathering the other day a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."—*London Globe*.

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"You are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words."
—Shakespeare

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Hats Off

IF I would live "the simple life,"
My critics tell me sweetly
The hat that now
Constricts my brow
I must discard completely!
Coats and umbrellas are allowed,
And gloves are deemed defensible;
But not a hat!
No man wears that
Who'd be considered sensible.
Not though the street boy mows and mocks,
The wind must play amongst one's locks!

But what—I put this question, please,
With no desire to startle;
I only show
That wish to know
Once felt by Rosa Dartle—
What, when the sun at last appears—
A most belated comer—
What can be done
His strokes to shun
Throughout a blazing summer?
A hatless man may come to grief—
What must one wear? A cabbage leaf?

Moreover, if the hatless man
Walks only where 'tis shady,
Pray tell me how
He is to bow
When he'd salute a lady?
If he's no hat which he can raise,
How can he greet her sanely?
Is it well-bred
To nod his head,
And smile at her inanely?
At church, too, how could things go well
If man possessed no hat to smell?

No, no! the hat a fetish is
That man inclines to nourish—
A thing to wear,
To brush with care,
To "smell," to lift, to flourish!
And, more than this, it holds its own
'Mongst social institutions—
When Fortune's frowned
The hat goes round
In quest of contributions.
Beware, then, how you would taboo
The hat—'twould never, never do!

—London Truth.

Would Be a Wonder

RICHMOND P. HOBSON has been nominated for Congress. Who is to run against him we don't yet know. Personally, we should like to see Gladstone Dowie in the job, with osculation the paramount issue.—*Richmond Times-Democrat.*

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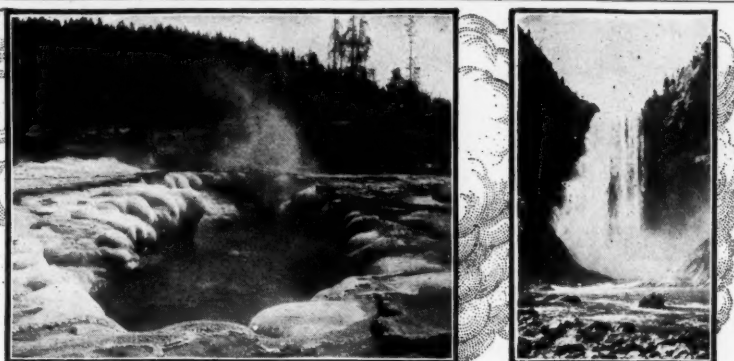
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Round trip rate, after June 1, from Chicago to and through Yellowstone Park, \$65; with accommodations at the Park hotels, for five and a half days, \$85. To Seattle, Tacoma or Portland, round trip from Chicago, \$75. Stop-overs permitted for a trip through Yellowstone Park. Cost of side trip through the Park with hotel accommodations for five and a half days, \$49.50. Descriptive literature mailed free.

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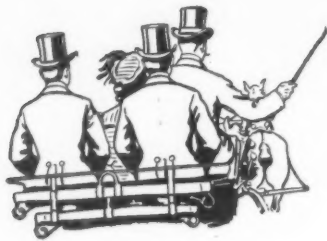
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[A foreign inventor has devised a method of scenting petrol with essence of heliotrope at an insignificant cost, so that the motor car may emit most agreeable odors throughout its course. —Daily Paper.]

OH, THE joys each road to-day grants,
For now, wheresoe'er you are,
You may catch the perfect fragrance
Of the passing motor car.

Thrushes are to us but lost trills,
Naught we care for songs on high,
Drawing through ecstatic nostrils
Whiffs of motors whirling by.

Crowds throng every roadside: "Look! a
Motor!" cry they, thrilled with hope.
"Will it, will it be Ess, Bouquet,
Jockey Club or Heliotrope?"

Let the fragrant petrol sink in
Every sense!—indeed it must,
While we rapturously drink in
Spirals of the odorously dust.

Joys are ours, then, joys to gloat o'er,
Blisses spreading far and wide,
While the sweet scent of the motor
Permeates the countryside.
—London Daily News.

Plenty Left

Suggested Topics for Any New Muck Raker That Comes Along

VOL. I., No. 1.—Foreword (of course).

Crime of 1492; Graft of Columbus.

The Ointment Trust Grabs the Fly Market.

Some Barnacles on Our Ship of State.

How Ben Franklin Amused Himself in Paris
(never before exposed).

Crime of 1508.

City Club at Play (a phantasy).

Shames That Have Helped Me.

Peanut Brittle Made Flabby for the Poor by
the Peanut Trust.

Who Embalmed the Pigs' Knuckles?

Short Shames for Busy Men.

Raking (a poem).

Shoofly Roundsman of Industry. T. W. Law-
son.

Painless Dentistry is Painful for the People
(pathetic).

Molly Pitcher Was Not Kind to Kittens.

Crimes of the Years 1817-1839 Inclusive.

Daniel's Debts: True Story of the Overrated
Webster.

Underground Methods of Subway Trust.

Beer Wears a Higher Collar Every Year (with
diagrams).

Treason of the Government's Ethnological
Bureau (illustrated).

The Story of the States: Mangled Maine, Nau-
seating New Hampshire, Venomous Vermont,
Manacled Massachusetts, Reeking Rhode Island,
Contented Connecticut. (Middle Atlantic States
next month).

Progress in Science: Exposure by Machinery;
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justable for Towns of Less Than Ten Thousand.
Assorted Crimes Ready to Eat.

Little Folks' Department: A New Parlor
Game, Rotten, Rotten, Who Ain't Rotten?

Brief Verse: "Crushed," "Bilked," "Horn-
swoggled," "Done Good," "Down Trod," "All
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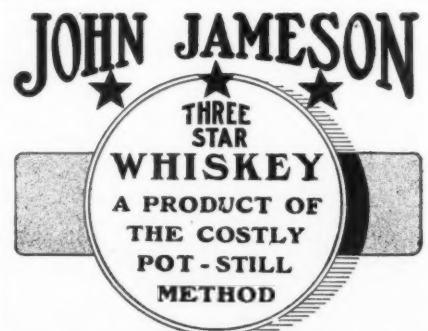
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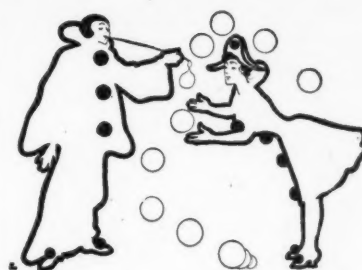
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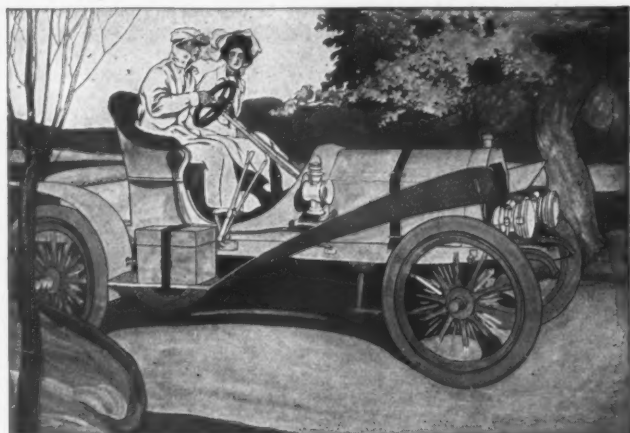
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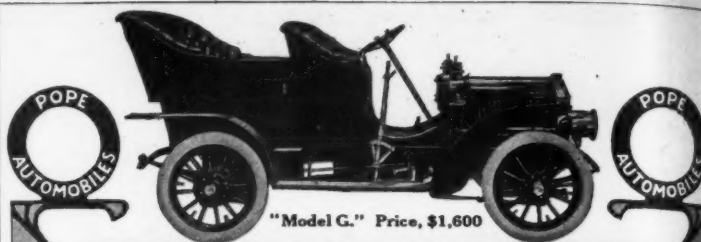
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